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HENRY PETERSON, }

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DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXIII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1853. WHOLE NO. 1680.

Choice Poetry.

WILLIE—DEAD.

MANIBUS DATE LILIA PLENIS.

To the gentle Angel Death,
Yielding up his quiet breath,
Softly now his eyelids close,
In a peaceful, calm repose,
Pain and sorrow all are o'er,
He will wake on earth no more.

Very still our darling lies,
All the light gone from his eyes,
With his hands together prest,
Folded on his sunny breast,
And the cheeks so cold and white,
All the roses faded quite.

Mother's love cannot beguile
From his little mouth a smile,
Though upon the lips she press
All a mother's tenderness;
Never again his prattling voice
Shall her loving heart rejoice.

Bring the Lily, snowy pale,
Fragrant Lily of the Vale;
Weave amid his golden hair
Pallid rosebuds, fresh as fair
As to Lilia's fresh dawn at day,
Like a flower he passed away.

Bear him to his quiet rest
On the green Earth's simple breast;
Circled by her loving arms
Nothing rude our babe can harm.
Very sweet his sleep shall be
Watch her gentle mistress by.

There her loving hands shall bring
All the fragrant flowers of spring
Perfect May shall open, thickly set,
Buttercup and violet,
Over him White Violets
Arrow-leaved with the skies.

There, with golden sunlight falls,
Robin-red-breast sings and calls,
Singing soft and wary low
To the sweeper for below;
Low as song does!—brooding air,
Where the mother's kisses are.

There our steps shall often stray
Through the balmy summer day,
While we speak with gentle tone
Of the sweet babe who is gone,
Grateful that he's left our stand
Safety in the spirit-land.

And his memory we will keep
Love and fondness, treasured deep;
Patient waiting for the day
When we too shall pass away,
And upon the heavenly street
Clasp the child's first sweet meet.

WILHELM.

Original Novelet.

THE LOST HEIRESS:
A STORY OF HOWLET HALL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS,
Author of "The Curse of Clifton," "Brandybar," "The Deserted Wife," etc., etc.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1853, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XIV.

HOWLET HALL.

The rudest built that ancient hall, whose doors,
And walls, and massive roof, have stood for ages
Active to hardy guests acquired welcome,
Cheered and cared with homeliest comfort,
Seems now all the scenery through is hewed
With the cheerful memory of hospitality.
Miss Q. Channing.

And Daniel Hunter and his family were decidedly for a short season at his country seat, Howlet Hall, situated at the base of a mountain dell, from its remarkable solitude known under the name of the Wilderness.

The Cauldron, as its name denoted, was a fine, romantic dell, in the days of its glory, completely surrounded and closed in by ranges of lofty mountains. The soil was of that unparalleled richness and fertility, and the vegetation of unrivalled exuberance. There was a little spring, too, in the middle of the dell, whose flowers of wondrous beauty and fragrance, and whose water was delicious and potable. It was indeed an enchanted and enchanting spot—an Elysium—a garden of Eden—a very Arcadia. But persons unacquainted with nothing at all unnatural in the wonderful fertility of the soil, when the mountains were all high winds from the dell—but in the peerless fertility of the soil, when the mountains were all high winds from the dell—but in the peerless fertility of the soil, when the mountains were all high winds from the dell—but in the peerless fertility of the soil, when the mountains were all high winds from the dell—but in the question is to be answered in the Theme trees or Paradise can hand in the world.

Howlet Hall was an ancient mansion, erected with the earliest settlement of the country. It was an irregular but massive edifice, constructed of gray stone, with many pointed gable-ends, and innumerable lattices and windows, those diamond-shaped sashes and panes of glass which are now used with such economy in "old country." The origin of Howlet Hall was never ingotten in the neighborhood among the simple country people. No one, perhaps, except Daniel Hunter, and the educated few, who interested themselves in the history and antiquities of the county, knew that history, that tender, though melancholy romance. The mansion had been originally built by a wealthy Scotch gentleman, who had emigrated to the province in the days of Penn, and had called it after the name of his native place—the murdered maiden's spirit still presiding over it.

I told you that on the first outbreak of the plague in A——, the senior member of Daniel Hunter's family had fled to Howlet Hall for refuge. There they were soon followed by the whole household, absorbing in its panic, as also more than sufficiently long to be the place was said to be—

"Under some prodigious ban
Of the Almighty."

But that as it may, it be certain, that for the last two hundred years, the Hall had changed owners without change. It seemed to be built for successors, that no father, who became its possessor, could pass it to his children. Either from its gloomy appearance, or the dreary solitude in which it was placed, or from some other unaccountable cause, it had always remained unoccupied for nearly twenty years. In particular times, and under particular circumstances, it had been the scene of myriads of swallows, bats and owls. Any number of years, and for any number of generations, who chanced to penetrate beyond the circular barrier of mountains, and descend into the green, abandoned dell, and find the way to the Hall, and rest upon the seats of the old piazzas, might, if it were evening, and he had time to wait, see great thousands of those night birds, as they would, singly, every second, fly from their holes and fly off into the air. Hence grew its name of Howlet Hall. It had been uninhabited, as I said, for nearly twenty years, when Daniel Hunter became its purchaser, under the following circumstances:

It was then, when the strain of official duty was somewhat relaxed, and Mr. Hunter had a few weeks at his disposal for recreation, it had pleased Augusta, who was a great lover of mountains and the picturesque, instead of going to some fashionable watering-place, to take a rural tour through the State. And Daniel Hunter had yielded to her wishes, and they set out in their travelling carriage on a journey through the mountainous regions of the State. On the second week of their travel they reached the neighborhood of Howlet Hall, and put up at the mountain hamlet of the "Summit." Here Daniel Hunter made his usual inquiry as to whether there were any objects of interest in the neighborhood. In answer to which he was directed to the "Cauldron," and told the legend of Howlet Hall. The next day they appropriated the forenoon to visiting the spot, and examining the old Hall.

They passed the circular barrier of high mountains, through a deep defile, so narrow and winding, as to have its entrance and outlet entirely invisible, showing not the slightest break in the rocky circle. Augusta was almost too deeply impressed with the awful gloom and sublimity of the place, and the solitary grandeur of the old Hall. But Daniel Hunter was interested in the most luxuriant exuberance of vegetation, proving as it did the unsurpassed richness and fertility of the soil. And he longed to explain how it was the drainings and deposit from the circle of mountains, and the annual decay and return to the earth of the vegetation for so many years, had so greatly enriched the land. And he called her attention to the gushing spring of water in the bottom of the dell, and began in gone how many hundred gallons of water it threw off per minute, and to calculate its force as a water-power. It was almost impossible for Augusta to be interested in this severe utilitarian view of such a scene, and her eyes and thoughts continually wandered off to the summits of the encircling mountains from them to the old Hall. And, seeing this, Daniel Hunter cut short his lecture on agriculture and hydraulics, and quietly requesting her for the want of a "practical" aided, took their way towards the house.

There it stood, with its massive gray walls, its many peaked gables pointing to the sky, its numerous odd diamond-paned windows reflecting back the yellow morning sunlight. They had the keys from the innkeeper, and entered the house. If the outside was an irregular building, the inside was a perfect labyrinth of rooms, passages, and staircases, with chambers and closets, and flights of steps turning up unexpectedly in the oddest places. The house was curiously intermixed, and in the parlors and the bed-rooms, were laid on a Persian and Turkey carpeting.

"And here," she would say to herself, "in the deep bay window of this sitting-room stood some ladies' work stand, in this deep chimney corner sat one side of the fire-place, and such chair—in the alcove in this adjoining chamber stood a bed, and here between the windows was the place of a dressing-bureau, but all are gone, and this room might have stood some infant's crib. Where are those who lived and died here? Gone to the spirit-land.

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So reasonably the lady dreamed, while her husband walked about and examined the walls, testing the stability of the walls, trying the floors, and ascertaining that the old Hall house very substantial and strong, and in good preservation, likely to last more centuries than it had already passed through. And he resolved in his wife, and in drawing her arm within his own, said—

"Well, dear, this 'old deserted mansion' needs only a little superficial rejuvenating to be a very delightful residence. A dozen or two of nails driven here and there—a few hinges—a little painting, and whitewashing—a few window sashes, and some glass, is all that is required in the way of repairs. And for the rest, her furniture will convert this desolate house into a very comfortable home."

"Yes, for any one that likes to live here," replied the lady, with a slight shrug of her shoulders.

"I wish you not like it?"

"For a place to visit and dream about sometimes—yes. But for a home—no. It is too much a prison, too ghostly and dull. Its looking reminds me of some haunted castle, and I should fancy the barrier of mountains impose on me unspeakable fortifications."

Daniel Hunter laughed and pressed her arm, and called her fanciful and "imaginative lover." And as they went back to the inn, he expressed his regret at seeing a fine old Hall that going to ruin, and announced his determination of becoming its purchaser. Augusta smilingly remonstrated, but he was resolved, and upon the fatal roof, but Mr. Hunter strictly ordered the servants to have given birth to such false and mischievous notions.

And the end of it was that Daniel Hunter, having no such scruples in his own character, purchased the popular legend, and became the owner of Howlet Hall. The Hall was thoroughly repaired, and furnished throughout. It was in the fourth year after their marriage that he moved into the house. The old people shook their wise heads, and prophesied and waited "to see what would come of it."

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Hunter lived at Howlet Hall. And when it was told in the neighborhood that the former owner's child, Miss Sarah Howlet, the sole heiress of Howlet Hall, was dressed in the finest clothes—every article ready in the region round about embroidered.

"Why, how did I tell you? It is just exactly as I said! Daniel Hunter will never transmit Howlet Hall to any lineal heir of his—it is Madam's Mallard' will come upon the place—the murdered maiden's spirit still presides over it."

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next story; and it became a popular opinion that Mark would equal or surpass the greatest masters. There was some exaggeration in this. The enemy which could not have made them refuse to acknowledge her talent, before her gifting triumph, had the right to magnify it. It seemed to remember, that a servant-girl from the province of Rousson could do any thing, that people began to suppose she could was too great for her to perform. Even old Nourrit Madeleine, who had refused to allow to figure for the purpose of acting his daughter, and himself to sit, St. Peter's, by the way. After recollecting what delight! but should her heart when he suggested that she might now marry former Salamander. Sarrette, on the other hand, issued a hope on his own account, and he wholly posed something in her ear. She smiled faintly, and, giving him her hand, said, with a sigh,

"If you ask me again is six months, I will say yes!"

He did not understand.

The truth was, that the divine spark was burning too fiercely within. In vain did Dr. Corvisart exerted his art, and endeavored, moreover, to warn Made for whilst from night to day the hectic flush and the brilliant eyes proved true prophets.

The Minerva was the only work of the servant, Maria, who died on the twelfth of May, 1801.

Miscellaneous.

A ROMANTIC LIFE.

Obituary notices have nearly monopolized one pan of late. There are few seas in our history which have been marked by so many shipwrecks individuals, as the last three months.

In our obituary columns, lately, will be found another addition to the list of remarkable deceased, to the death of Madam Garforth, the mother of Dr. Garforth, of this city, and of the Myra Clark Gaines. She died in the city, on the summer of her son, *Dr. Garforth*, at the advanced age of 78 years.

The lady was the heroine of that intensely interesting romance of real life, which was first intrigued in the celebrated lawsuit of Mrs. Gaines.

Her ma den name was Zulime Carriere. She was born in the old French Colony of Biloxi. Her parents were emigrants from the land of poetry and romance—the favorite home of the Troubadour—Provence. The blood of the tiger race, which, in the early days of Louisiana, settled along our sea coast, and whose lovely daughters were the special objects of the admiration and love of the gallant French cavaliers who established the first colonies, mingled with that of the poetic Provencal. From such a stock, it is not remarkable that Zulime Carriere should have derived extraordinary personal beauty. The charms of herself and her sisters, were universal themes in the Creole circles of Louisiana. The warm and genial climate, and luxurious atmosphere of the sea shore, ripened those charms into full maturity at a very early age.

Zulime had hardly emerged into her teens, before her hand was sought by numerous suitors. The successful aspirant gained his point, as Claude Matouri, in Bolwer's play *Old*, by bolding an imaginary coronet, or other hospitals of nobility, before the eyes of a beautiful but unsuspecting girl of thirteen. She was caught by the glittering bait. The French noblesse soon dwindled into a contemptible, and what was worse, a married man, who had never been divorced. He was arrested and tried by an ecclesiastical court in this city, for bigamy, convicted and sentenced to be punished, but afterward escaped, and was no more heard of. This ended Zulime's relation with Jerome De Grange.

Pending this proceeding, and after the discovery of De Grange's previous marriage, there grew up an intimacy between Zulime and Daniel Clark, then a leading man in this colony—a dashing, whole-souled Irishman, reported to be very wealthy—of very popular character, and agreeable manners. Clark was just the gallant, chivalrous man to supreme the case of an unprotected and wronged woman.

It is said—but there is no proof—that Clark, combined, will enable her to "live more to the glory of her Maker."

Every day and every nation has its characteristic vices which prevail almost universally. Each has its peculiar forms of crime and folly, now, and which even the most rigid moralist will but faintly censure. Succeeding generations change the habits and manners of nations. Old vices and crushes; take some other kind of which, ing find their modes of wickedness, and even in the depravity of their ancestors. In the days of Cromwell, hypocrisy was the rage: under Charles the Second, it was shown and worn on the head on fresh! While nations now live upon the luxuries of the table, they will probably confine themselves to vegetable food, and are considered healthy and vigorous. The distinguished physician, many years ago, published that he had lived a hundred years on vegetable food. They were continually confined to the strictest vegetable diet. And as many of them were not only all healthy, but of the most robust appearance of persons. It had no basis, no estimate of the vast amount of impartial testimony that has been given in favor of the blood from eating animals apparently healthy, and of the most robust appearance. On the contrary, the subject demands closer investigation than we have given it.

Now, granting that the ox and elephant are larger than the lion and tiger, might we not know *superior* the food of the latter to that of the former?

Now, granting that the ox and elephant are larger than the lion and tiger, might we not know *superior* the food of the latter to that of the former? Is not the ox more subject to diseases, as it enables such small animals to be a much and other tame beasts, than the lion, or much larger ones? If cows, buffalo and elephants had been made flesh-eating animals, they would have been provided with the fangs and intelligent than they are. Is not the ox more nervously irritable than the lion? Is not the elephant more subject to madness? Is not his undeveloped and savage state? We think that a flesh-eating lion or tiger, as large as an elephant, would have been an overmatch for man, managed by man, in the ages previous to the discovery of gunpowder?

But the Inquirer's main argument, while fairly demolished, we think, by the above view, is a single bugaboo of the question. It is the one word, this: Vegetable food is better for man, because the large flesh-eating animals are larger than the large flesh-eating animals. Now, even the statement is incorrect, because the hippopotamus lives on grass; but we that, are of the vegetable-eaters. But granting the fact—and that cows are larger than lions, the argument begs the question, by implying that lions and tigers would grow larger and stronger if they had been provided with vegetable food. The argument fairly means anything, it means that lions and tigers are not put to pasture, they would improve in health, size and strength! Or, that cows would be better on Indian corn than they are better than on thistle tops!

The fact is, that the animal was constituted with reference to the consumption of a certain kind or kinds of food—and it will thrive best upon that food. It can get all the blood, which that others thrive on. All our reasoning by analogy must stop this side of the fact. We do not argue, for instance, that a monkey would become a man, if he were to be educated, and treated, and taught—but we say that the habits of confining himself exclusively to vegetables, and the structure of his teeth, would be against having fruits will degenerate finally into men, lions, and bugs, little by little, to spur their way to the top. So man, with his vegetable-like confidence of this, is the fact that, second-hand, he has been educated to be a flesh-eater, and his teeth are larger than the large flesh-eating animals. Now, even the statement is incorrect, because the teeth which form the chief of the vegetable-eaters. But the fact is, that the teeth of the vegetable-eaters are not adapted to flesh-eating, and that is the end of the argument. Man, by education, has become a flesh-eater, and select so much of vegetable food as is best adapted to his health. It is a question of fact and experience, and not of theory. If the argument fairly means anything, it means that the human race would be better on vegetables than on flesh! Which nations now live upon the least animal food? Which nations have been the most powerful, and, perhaps, the most important one in the world, the most powerful and the most enterprising, a great diversity and much confusion of opinion as to the best method of preparing it for the table. But none is held to be an indestructible political axiom, that it is not to be changed. Every article of food, yet however loading the selves with it, has been found to be the occasion of a political correction, in the nature of a civil war, or a change in the form of government, and the opinion of either party.

Now, we find that the instincts of men—at least back as far as the Deluge—in all nations, and in all climates where they could get both kinds of food, have led them to prefer a mixed diet; the proportion of flesh being increased or diminished, in accordance with the coldness or the warmth of the locality. And as a learned Frenchman saw the wisdom of Providence in making the Sabbath a day of rest, that the largest proportion of animal food was consumed in the frigid zones. We may safely assert that the instinct of the human race, and the experience, that the strongest proof that a brain should of right eat flesh, is that it does eat flesh. We are willing to go to the wall with the advocates of total abstinence, and to abide by the decision of the whole question, in the shortest, twelve weeks. Let the two parties be matched, and let the question be decided by the largest number of persons

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1853.

General News.

FOREIGN NEWS.

HIGHLY IMPORTANT.

By the America, we have Liverpool dates to the 12th ult.

The Eastern Turkish Question.—The London Times, in its impression of the 10th ult., says:—"The most remarkable despatch had been received from Berlin with the news that the Emperor Nicholas had accepted the Emperor of Russia rejected the Turkish Modifications of the Vienna Note, and evacuate the Principalities, unless the Porte should sign the Note as originally published, as it was presented in him.

A new minister was expected from Russia in a few days.

Another Insurrection in the valley of Cromar, in Cassida Indies, having been recognized at Paris. Dr. Deloffeu, the Russian confidential agent in the consulentiary army, a circulate the Emperor Nicholas, and the Sultan has been issued to be no, who resolve in the Principalities.

A Code Napoleon Association is being organized in New York, and will soon be ready to give notice of the political parties, without reference to the merits of the question.

The various Lowell factories have adopted the ten hour system of labor by their operatives. The hours have heretofore ranged from twelve to fourteen.

The Chief Dragoman of the Russian Embassy arrived at Constantinople, attended by a small retinue.

It was reported that the French Ambassador personally presented to the Sultan the Russian Ultimatum, and "endeavored" upon them, adding that the Emperor Napoleon did not desire that the Principalities still continue between the Hospodars.

Mr. J. J. Dallaghan, a native citizen of South Carolina, states that in 1802, by way of an experiment, he planted 24 pounds of Sea Island Cotton, mixed with meal, to an acre of cotton land, and that the product per acre was over 500 per cent. on the amount expended for the planting. He now cultivates about 1,000 acres for the purpose of deciding upon the late of the crop.

Gen. Chief Engineer of the Russian Embassy arrived at Constantinople, attended by a small retinue.

It was reported that the French Ambassador personally presented to the Sultan the Russian Ultimatum, and "endeavored" upon them, adding that the Emperor Napoleon did not desire that the Principalities still continue between the Hospodars.

The Russian Minister is authorized to allow the Russian troops for the purpose of causing the Turkish troops to be withdrawn.

There is no disagreement between France and England in regard to the Eastern question.

The Austrian Ambassador has left Constantinople, explains him to employ every possible means before the end of the present delay, the Note of Vienna, without any change.

The British Minister is authorized to allow the Russian troops for the purpose of causing the Turkish troops to be withdrawn.

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The lands occupied by the Hungarian Exiles, in New Berlin, Iowa, granted to them by Gov. Dodge, have been accepted their condemnation of the Land Office, and will be confirmed to them by the Land Office, and will be confirmed to them by the Land Office, and will be confirmed to them by

Selected Poetry.

ASPIRATIONS.

Sitting in my lonely chamber, listening to the dismal rain,
As the melancholy plashes beat against my window pane,
Oh, what troops of sombre fancies throng the chambers of my mind,
While I hear the dogs of Summer in the mourning of the wind;
While I hear the flying Summer sobbing o'er its transit over,
Waiting for the hooded glories that forever it must cover.
Then I say, "How brief the Summer! I put its only wealth of flowers,
Exposed into golden harvests, though it passes, shall be mine."
Lo! the apple-laden orchards! Lo! the sheaves of gathered grain!
These—the hopes left behind her—prove she took not fond in vain;
So was harvest hemmed harbingings* with no harvest shall be,
When the Winter spreads his snowy pall over mountain, over wood and lea.

Parents rapidly my Summer—Will the promise of its flowers
Be fulfilled in golden harvests when have passed its sunny hours?
Will it ripen to a Future filled with memories cheering and pure,
That shall trump like angels round me? or, mad the world! one hour,
Shall I pass, mocking, forgotten, with no star-crown on my brow?
With no wail from broken harp-strings? with no lament's drooping bough?
With no dirges sobbed in anguish? with no grand, soaring strain,
Saying, "He who died a nightfall shall, to-morrow, live again"—
Live again—in that elusive, like lightning, through Oblivion's heavy pall,
Changing all in mark to wonder, bright'ning, glorifying all—
Live in thoughts that thrill the Ages, through his body so unclad,
Like the fire of resurrection on Isaiah's lips that burned?

I would wrest the hoard of glory from the Future's store of flowers,
Or, like Egypt's Cleopatra, lave my bosom to the sun;
What to me were life if bounded by the Present's narrow span—
Worthless as a diamond solus which were once a living man!
Let the ambush and the assassin rot in their sprinkle root—
I would make the Earth my debtor ere I sleep upon her breast;
I would live in after-voices, clearing my melodious throat;
In sublime reverberation sounding through remotest time;
In the thought that prompts to greatness, in the deed that shrines a name;
Enlivened in the world's affection, dearly consecrated as in Fame!
This is life!—and all below it is the creeping of a worm!
Let forever bound him, bright'ning 42 far perfect, on to God!

Hartford Republican. PEGGY GUEST.

Pictures of Life.

THE LADIES OF LLANGOLLEN.

Llangollen, Wales, Sept. 3, 1855.

For persons come, even now, to this beautiful valley, without making a pilgrimage to the cottage in which the famous "Ladies of Llangollen" lived so long. These ladies were of noble birth, Lady Frances Butler being a daughter of the ducal house of Ormond, and Miss Eleanor Ponsonby belonging to the family of Lord Bessborough. They had been intimate friends from childhood, had been educated together at a convent in France, and when, soon after their return to England, matrimonial projects which had been formed for them were pressed too strenuously upon them by their friends, they formed the romantic determination to forswear matrimony, leave for ever their homes, and to bury themselves in some happy obscurity, far from the pomp and circumstance of aristocratic life, the tyranny of their relations, and the assiduities of unwelcome suitors. Lady Frances was a fancy sketch, absolutely without funds, but Eleanor was in possession of fifty pounds, and with this sum the two girls left their homes and made their way to this secluded, and at that period (for it was scarcely five years ago,) almost unknown region, and took a small house in two small rooms over a baker's shop in the village. So adroitly had they managed their flight that no soul among their friends had suspected their intentions, or could discover the slightest clue to their retreat. In fact they were, for some time, looked upon by their families as dead, and supposed to have come to their end in some sudden and romantic manner.

They lived for two years in their humble rooms at the baker's; living a life of the utmost frugality, dressing in the simplest manner, and known only by assumed names and with little other accoutrement than the interest afforded by the magnificent scenery of the valley. Meanwhile their friends, though never expecting to see them alive, were still making every exertion to find out what had become of them, and chance happening to bring into the valley some persons of their acquaintance, the young ladies place of retirement was at length discovered. Thereupon ensued great commotion among the two families—relatives and friends to the village, and every inducement held out to the runaways to return to their homes. But they remained firm in their determination to live together in freedom and independence; and considering it absurd to be strangers to their friends. Being of age, they could not be forced to return to their homes; and finding persuasion impossible, their families now offered them money, to any amount, in order that they might exchange their humble life for one more in accordance with their rank. But, though their slender funds were beginning to run low, the two friends had been too bitterly alive to the annoyances they had endured, and declared that they would never accept of a penny from their families. This determination they rigidly adhered to, but they were less scrupulous with regard to friends, from many of whom they gladly accepted the pecuniary aid now pressed upon them from various quarters. Several old friends at high rank and wealth were allowed to settle small annuities upon them; and finding themselves now able to afford the rent of a cottage, they hired a little place a short distance up the side of the mountain, just on the confines of the village. It was in a small affair, a mere rough laborer's cottage with a little bit of land, but most delightfully situated, looking down into a green ravine, through which flows a beautiful mountain stream, and finding pasturage and thanking every two yards, over some little rocky hill, overshadowed with trees and bushes. Above, beyond and below spread out the lovely valley and the glorious hills. No nature was it known that they had taken their little home for the avowed intention of living and dying there when their friends ceased to hear the means of buying and improving it. Now rooms were built, and the old ones greatly changed; the outer walls were covered with wood-work, and creeping plants trained up over latice work, while the inside was completely fitted up, and in tastily ornamented with old carvings, old and modern furniture, objects of comfort and ease, curiosities, pictures and books, so that every one of them in such accordance that they hardly know whom to place first. Ornamental shrubs were large bay-windows, tastefully pallisadings, now gave a very picturesque appearance to the cottage; the fairies grounds were laid out upon with great judgment and taste, and the bit of land which they had originally rented according to this plan; other portions being purchased, a piece from one farmer, a piece from another, as their means increased, and as their neighbors could be induced to sell. Thus in the course of a few years the grounds round their cottage had increased to the extent of sixteen acres, the constant generosity of their friends having placed them in very comfortable circumstances, their cottage and establishment had increased proportionately.

They kept a cook, a housemaid, a lady's maid, two little girls whom they adopted, and who assisted in the house; and also a man and four gardeners. They had fine cows and ponies, pigeons and bees; they kept neither pigs, horses nor carriage. They never rode; and the prescriptive path leading to their dwelling being 10 miles long, they rendered it tempting a post-chaise from the inn whenever they went from home; which was but on occasional events for more than a few hours together. It is reported in the village that, although they sometimes dined at distant country seats, among others at that of Lord Powis, they never once failed, through the fifty odd years they lived at the cottage, to sleep a night in their own beds, to which, when no carriage was at the house, they usually resided at nine o'clock. But though seldom leaving home, they were temperately visited and had friends were often entertained by them for weeks together, though no gentleman visitor was ever suffered to pass the night there.

People of the highest rank vied with each other in calling to see them, and in sending them rare plants, old antiquities and curiosities, in fact everything that could be sent as a token of appreciation to them. The arbor is still shown where the Duke of Wellington drank tea with them, and many other spots are traditionally connected with the names of others of the great departed.

The ladies were inevitably, instead of an ordinary grave, a personage of the broadcloth made and clothing habit, but short, rich lace collar and cuffs, the orders with which foreign kings and courts would often send to ladies after not visit, "Who were those two old gentlemen who sat with their hats on?"

They were kind and generous to the poor, but were apt to take fidgety little countless into their hands, and were inscrutable when they did so. For instance: there was at the inn one particular year-boy whose services was always required when a chaise was ordered; no other than this particular post boy would they have, on any consideration; and as they rarely sent for second down and order a chaise for a particular day, and then put 10 or half-a-dozen times in succession on various pretexts, rain, visitors, or what not, this post boy would sometimes be kept for hours in the yard, waiting for the summons, and unable to attend to any other business lest he should not be at hand when called for. For three-and-twenty years the landlord of this inn (then the only one in the village) had honored Lady Butler's carriage, and strolled their conveniences is every way; and they were always ready with a generous and substantial bun wherever the day the post-chaise had been ordered as usual, but, by some mistake, the favorite post-boy had been sent away elsewhere. The ladies, in high dudgeon, sent back the chaise, and at home, almost revenged themselves by hiring a hearse for the day, in, and setting up their favorite therein as a rival innkeeper. This was the origin of the report that no noticed in our rambles; and this new house had theretofore, of course, their excellency's carriage. Lady Frances was very hot and hasty, but Miss Ponsonby was very kind-hearted, and usually tempered her friend's high will; and though rather spoiled by constant flattery and favor, they were greatly beloved and admired by the people round. Having themselves abjured matrimony, they were desirous their servants should do the same; especially the two girls whom they had adopted, and to whom they were uniformly most generous. In the case of those they became the match-makers, the other their maid; and hoped that they might remain with them till their death. But shortly after the demise of Lady Frances, Miss Ponsonby was greatly shocked by discovering that one of them was privately married. The girl's deceit, which was certainly ungrateful and inexcusable, grieved her much more than the fact. The girl's husband married with her mistress until her death, and is now married and living in the village.

Miss Newgold, as the abode of "The Llangollen Ladies" is called, was purchased after their decease, and is now a very beauty-shown years ago, by two lady friends of theirs, with whom they had long been intimate, and who used to visit them for one or more months at a time. As it had been a settled thing for years, that these ladies should buy it after their decease.

These ladies, Miss Andrewes and Miss Tolley are now themselves very old: what they mean to do with the place after their death I am not known.

They will leave it to the house to be visited, but kindly permit access to the gardens and grounds.

The house itself, still a cottage, is so buried in trees and shrubs, that you do not see it until you come to the gate, which lets you into a little garden, where, almost a pack, beneath the low hotly trees, upon which it stands with flower beds in front of the lower wooden pallings, before the windows and porch.

The front of the cottage is completely covered with old oaken carvings, let into the walls, and covered with a strong varnish, to protect them against the weather: every part, door, walls, window sills, and gables, presenting one expanse of quaint device, mostly black with age.

The door, which I what a fancy it is, is made of the old-world looking door, which stands wide open—so true that the little bell is completely lost with the same old carvings, and the door of the doors leading out of it are covered in the same way. The door, however, is not closed, but is open, and is answer to our query whether the whole house is covered in the same way, tells us that only one room, namely the kitchen, and the drawing-room, are thus decorated, and then we are led into the entire valley to the great bell to summon the gardener, and leaves how anything worth now going, taking us through the grounds: where lawns, bouquets gardeners, rustic bridges over the brook, long clustered walks under lofty trees, rustic seats and posts with exceeding variety of color and rustic mosses and lichens make up a picture of rare beauty, each succeed one another. Here, in a tasteful little building, now full of box-trees, stood a stuffed lion, there is part of—as I think—the very statue from the Abbey Croxis, relics and curiosities from every part of the world being interspersed through the grounds.

A prettier place, more admirably laid out, or commanding more beautiful views, could be impossible to find. And yet we agree that it has something of the doll's house about it. But it will all be in vain. Time will destroy it, and the finish of the gardens with the magnificent wild-wood which is now growing luxuriantly around the wind in the trees and of the brook in its rocky channel so sweet and soothing, the which that we had it seldom with the certainty of not being disturbed by the tramp, tramp of the tourists of Llangollen.—*A. B., in Notts. Long Journal.*

CLARENCE AND THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.—Clarence and his wife, looking much better than when in town. Plastered in a fine old building 1100 the last date, I believe, which is over the door. It is surrounded by a moat with running water. Clarence has a fine park, and a good deer, but the prince must have been a noble figure. He was very happy to see me, but there is a terrible melancholy about him. He has a nice wife, and with silvers, especially women. As he normed Clarence is always saying something to please. I went to bed, and visited him good-night. I slept well, and the next morning walked in the garden and fields. He breakfasted on cold beef, bread, butter, and I breakfasted with Mrs. T. and Miss Fanny. Then I walked with him, and sat on a seat and I can ready. * * *. When all was ready, the windows fitted, he said, "Now, Duke, you and I will go together in front, and unbarrowers (it being washing day. * * * The moment we rigid to the door, and I, with this, the trap opens and lets it fall through into the water underneath, the whole of the rats in they all crowded, timidly wondering. Clark can said, "There now, that is the first stroke." Then I and the Duke fired away. "Now for the last!" We now began to talk. * * * Why don't you come and live near me, my dear Duke? Here was a man who in his Christian and peaceable object had shown equal perseverance, and had, in fact, done more than all the rest of us put together. Clarkson has more weaknesses than I have, but he is a fine old boy. He makes a point of his deliberate. He boasts of his swollen legs and his pains at they were so bad, and he could not walk, and he did not like to let you see him in his inflexation. He was dead. I and my children were all in a state of grief. The Duke! Here was a man who in his Christian and peaceable object had shown equal perseverance, and had, in fact, done more than all the rest of us put together. Clarkson has more weaknesses than I have, but he is a fine old boy. He makes a point of his deliberate. He boasts of his swollen legs and his pains at they were so bad, and he could not walk, and he did not like to let you see him in his inflexation. He was dead. I and my children were all in a state of grief. The Duke! Here was a man who in his Christian and peaceable object had shown equal perseverance, and had, in fact, done more than all the rest of us put together. Clarkson has more weaknesses than I have, but he is a fine old boy. He makes a point of his deliberate. He boasts of his swollen legs and his pains at they were so bad, and he could not walk, and he did not like to let you see him in his inflexation. He was dead. I and my children were all in a state of grief. The Duke!

THE OLD CHILD.—From the bottom of our heart do we pity the *only child*. We care not how it has the riches—orphan girls they had adopted, or daughter, we do not envy their position. When we behold one, we will seem to be sole heir to a parent's wealth, and that the only motive existing feelings arise within our bosom toward that individual. Look at the only child of the rich! Is that's love, or the primitive wealth of a fond indulgent affection. We would not exchange a sister's love, for all the untold wealth of Croesus's mines. Oh do we take a retrospective glance down the fun and shadowy valley of the past, and recognize in happy scenes again, with the forest trees of home. There was no only there, in our happy home circle. Oh no we have gathered around the fond board, have we thanked God that there were others, near and dear to us, to share that mother's love, and father's guardian care.

Wit and Humor.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

FROM PUNCH.

Mercy. We do not profess to be weather-wise, but if your house is to be thatched, that holiday, we should say, that it will be a most waterfowl keep on the mother of the water, the late proudly, boats dissppear, and sheep and cattle are seen standing in the middle of ponds. We can hardly tell you "how to avert the consequences of rain," but a good deal might be done by staying within doors.

A Mother. Your excuse is a common one, but it is your business to know that he is out. Respecting the demand of your youngest son for signs money and a black boy, we think you perfectly justified in refusing either until he is eight years old. And though we consider all applications as objectionable, we cannot blame you for fastening the street door top-bolt, which is above his reach, to prevent his going alone to Vauxhall at half-past eleven at night. But beware of severity, and talk to him of the beauty of virtue, and the social advantages of cheerfulness.

A Master. Always happy to give any information so etiquette. If you are on the top of an omnibus, and see a lady walking, to whom you owe a trifle, but slightly known, call out "Fare!" and kiss your hand to her in a facetious manner. If the be of superior rank, if in short, though not necessary, to put your hat on the end of your stick and spin it round, but discretion must be your guide. True politeness is that which places every one at ease.

A Bride. Be sure to please yourself. Very likely he loves you sincerely, and his wishing at the bridesmaid might be mere accident—the young gentleman probably felt her pretty too looked—and the pressure of her hand gratuitous on the part of the Royal Family are sitting, if you should put eat your cigar, and politeness, if not loyalty, dictates your making some compliments on the subject of the elegance of the bullcloth.

"Mr. ——," said he, "up wife says she never had a pound of dots in the house in her life."

The merchant thereupon explained the meaning of the word, when his friend was startled. His wife inquired it he had found out the meaning of ditto. "Yes," said he, "it means I am a thickhead."—*Punch.*

William P. We think the young lady was quite justified in showing the door to your face, and in throwing the geranium pots at you from the two pair window; indeed, I do not see what else she could do, unless herself a lady could have acted otherwise.

Rebecca Rane.—We that has had a dollar or two at home in bills, and has heard of a broken bank, has not felt anxious until he has looked at the notes, and found that it is not the failure of the institution? We heard a good deal of a lady who related her experience on the matter when the Nabant Bank failed. "As soon as I heard of it," says he, "my heart jumped right up into my mouth. Sing, thinks I, 'a'pose I've got any bills on that ere bank! I runs home, that's a fact. So I runs on and on and yet for home as fast as my legs would carry me—run all the way. So when I got there I looks in my pocket, and I'm safe. It's a true back—nor any odor. I felt some easier."—*True Flag.*

Selected Articles.

DISTANCE.

Did you ever creep gingerly up to the deck of a railway car, and look down upon the earth twenty-five or thirty miles an hour? And did you look away on beyond the train, where two lines—that ordinary couple the rails—seemed to run together and meet at the horizon? And did you look away on beyond the woodcut, intangible fingers of Distance, till they lay there, a huge V upon the face of the country? And how marvellously, as the train moved on, those stubborn bars seemed to bend and yield, and the whole country sank as a brace of cushions, flung from a horse swinging in the wanton wind, sweep round in the air as if it were a thing of life? Such a sight wrenched from its good hold; not a tree stood out; not a timber rose up. There must be a charm in those figures indeed!

There now, a band of little lap-necks, encircled by a fence, and their nobility are down down in the track, right before the engine. Heedless of the fate that is upon them, and one of these days they'll be directed hay-stacks and sot on a gossiping upon rail-road tracks. Well be! Why they can make a deal to stacks already. How they expand and get up in the world! Timber rose up in the heart less trim; for see they are wheeling in a sort of Knickerbocker waltz to the right and left, over the brow and back of the lane, and beyond the orchard; and there they are, dignified and imperturbable as hay-stacks ought to be.

And those little Bashes—a capital B, if they are not mistaken—a little way off, and beyond all of a cluster, dodging up here and nestling down there like tenants in the "entry" during rainy days. Ah, that's right. Early gone to the bushes.

Bushes indeed! Trees, forest trees: trees in a country—columns in God's first temple. The trees are on the track; on the track, eh? Ah! they've got their warning, and I dare say they were before railways were dreamed of.

And the worker of all this *desolation*. You can see the fattening of her blue jean petticoat in the horizon. She has gone on to capture cows in Illinois.

"Stop the train! Let us off! Conductor, captain, somebody, anybody! There's a *village* on the track! Save, cleansed and graven upon it right. There's a meeting house and a grave-yard and a block of stores and a tavern—dappled at the rear wheels.

The church moves gravely away, as churches should. The grave-yard, with its decorous tenantry, is whisked out of sight like a trundle bed. A meeting-house, a cottage scuds away, a corner of the meeting house—the row of brick stores very much flushed, steps six paces to the rear, like the corps de ballet, and Distance and Motion are in the secret.

Look behind you, and they are adjusting the damaged train. Back goes the locomotive to village, that had been frightened away by the noise, and the stacks and the church are there "beautifully less," and as it is every day and all day, and everywhere, when Distance and Motion are partners. There's something on the track again! It's a fly—it's a dog—it's a child that has escaped from its high-chair. No, it was the wo go. We have passed him. We have left him. Five feet high—four feet high—a mere dot in the earth. Back goes the locomotive can play with man and his dignities as the dog after rushing on! Four feet. It is dwindled down; your P. M. is just minding; your M. C. is a microscopic curiosity.—*Chicago Weekly Journal.*

CAPTAIN BRASS.—A correspondent of the *N. Y. Knickerbocker*, writing from Edgartown, Martha's Vineyard, communicates the following:

The beach is bold, and the surf unceasingly dashes upon its sandy shore. Bathing in this region is made a business by some of the residents. I went out to witness the capture of these fierce monsters. A boat full of men, with a crew, was rowing up to the shore, and anchor off among the breakers, in pursuit of such game. Our boat was large as the clothes-lines seen in the docks yards of the country; and three feet from the bottom, which was 12 inches from board to point, was a chain three feet long, to receive the teeth of the shark. Being with a number of fishermen, we dropped the hooks thirty or forty feet to the bottom. Soon A'n ling began to tug at the line, and we hauled in a small shark. The resistance was slight, excepting the weight of the fish, which was 12 inches from board to point, and was large as the clothes-lines seen in the docks yards of the country; and three feet from his mouth